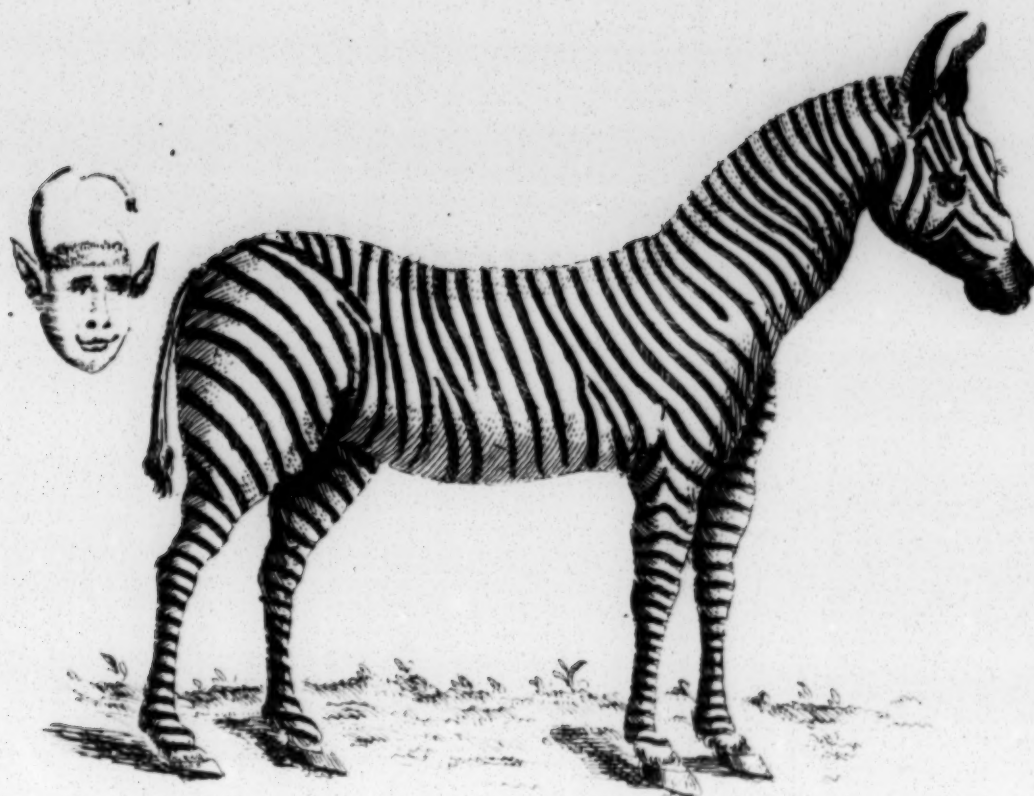




With a Fool's Head at the Tail:

The other SIDE of the Z E B R A Y:

In REPLY to the ludicrous Song, upon the QUEEN'S A S S.

To the Tune of *Balance a Straw*.

I.

SINCE FOLLY in *England* for WISDOM can pass;
And th' APOLLO of *Grub-street* will shew himself-Ass;
He, from Lowness of Thought, by the Nose shall be led,
To the Tail of the Beast, to shew his Fool's Head.
*He, from Lowness of Thought, by the Nose shall be led,
To the Tail of the Beast, to shew his Fool's Head.*

II.

He would be a Joker, but sure he's no Wit,
That on a poor Beast all his Venom would spit:
I'm sure by his Spelling, he is not high read,
Therefore, at the Tail, I have plac'd the Fool's Head.
*He, from Lowness of Thought, by the Nose shall be led,
To the Tail of the Beast, to shew his Fool's Head.*

III.

A Joke out of Season, is next to Offence;
But, where lies the Joke, that has no Wit or Sense?
It may please the Drunkard when Reason is fled,
And the Fumes of *Mundungus* fly into his Head.
*He, from Lowness of Thought, by the Nose should be led,
To the Tail of the Beast, to shew his Fool's Head.*

IV.

My dear Poetaster, why will you vend Trash?
When you for each Line, are deserving the Lash;
Then henceforth ne'er suffer it e'er to be said,
That you by such Folly must show your Fool's Head;
*He, from Lowness of Thought, by the Nose shall be led,
To the Tail of the Beast, to shew his Fool's Head.*

V.

You may pry as you will, since you're fix'd near the Place;
You deserve to be kept, till each Line you can trace;
And take off the Tints, either brown, cream or red;
And mix as you lik: 'em; then paint your Fool's Head.
*He, from Lowness of Thought, by the Nose shall be led,
To the Tail of the Beast, to shew his Fool's Head.*

VI.

How could you for Wit or for Humour e'er pass,
A Lady's Back side on the Town for an Ass?
Such low Wit and Humour sure never was read,
Why did not you match the Brute's Breech with your Head.
*He, from Lowness of Thought, by the Nose shall be led,
To the Tail of the Beast, to shew his Fool's Head.*

VII.

But Pedlars in Poetry, ever will rail;
And 'tis equal to them, either Head or the Tail;
Tho' badly they spell, and tho' lamely they read,
In spite of their Stars, they will show their Fool's Head.
*He, from Lowness of Thought, by the Nose shall be led,
To the Tail of the Beast, to shew his Fool's Head.*

VIII.

Then Britons, be steady, 'midst Triumphs be glad;
Be foolish with Reason, not foolishly mad;
Mix Wisdom with Wine, or your Punch, or your Mead,
And shun the Example, by seeing—Fool's Head.
*He, from Lowness of Thought, by the Nose shall be led,
To the Tail of the Beast, to shew his Fool's Head.*